Marcus. *Titus* thou shalt obtaine & aske the Empere.
Saturni. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*
Saturninus. Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not,
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather than robbe me of the peoples harts.
Lucius. Prowd *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good,
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
Bassianus. *Andronicus* I doo not flatter thee,
But honour thee and will doo till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
I will most thankefull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble minds, is honourable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will yee bestow them friendly on *Andronicus.*
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus,*
And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Titus. *Tribunes* I thanke you, and this sute I make,
That you create our Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine:* whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytus Raies on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him and say, *Long liue our Emperour.*
Marcus An. VVith voyces and applause of euery sort, *Patri-*
tricians and *Plebeans*, we create
d *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour,
d say *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
Saturnine. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,

To

To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy dese
And will with deeds requite thy gent
And for an onset *Titus* to aduance,
Thy name and honourable familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my
And in the sacred Pathan her espou
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motio
Titus. It doth my worthie Lord,
I hold me highly Honoured of your
And here in sight of Rome to *Saturn*
King and Commander of our comm
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I co
My sword, my Chariot, and my Priso
Presents well worthy Romes imperi
Receiue them then, the tribute that
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at
Saturnine. Thankes Noble *Titus*
How proude I am of thee and of thy g
Rome shall record, and when I doe fo
The least of these vnspeakeable deser
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you priso
To him that for your honour and you
VVill vse you Nobly, and your follow
Saturnine. A goodly Lady trust m
That I would choose were I to choos
Cleare vp faire Queene that cloudy c
Though change of warhath wrought
Thou comst not to be made a scorne i
Princely shall be thy vsage euerie wa
Rest on my word, and let not discont
Daunt all your hopes, Madam he co
Can make you greater than the Que